

## Doe's Women's Rights.

FROM THE NEW YORK PICTORIAL.

I have recently attended the annual exhibition of rapturous females who have sworn a solemn oath to snatch the pantaloons from the legs of the tyrant Man, usurp the stove pipe hat, and monopolize all the standing colts in the country. \* \* \* Was introduced by Dauphool, who said some of the leaders in the movement were relatives of his—indeed I should have recognized at once several female Dauphools, without this friendly explanation. Lot of people present, all sympathizers with wronged women. The wardrobe of the females seemed to be in a transition state, as if they were undecided whether to subside into petticoats, or blossom into breeches; and if beauty had been a capital crime in the land, not one of them would ever have been accused, or ever suspected of the offense.

Then they began to do what they call business—couldn't see much business in it—it was all about the monster Man—how the monster Man was abusing frail Woman—how the monster Man wouldn't let frail Woman vote, and objected to frail Woman's wearing his pantaloons, and didn't want frail Woman to make the laws, and would rather have frail Woman stay at home and tend the babies, than go to Washington and try to govern the nation. And how the monster Man was cutting up all sorts of monkey shins with frail Woman, and trying to keep frail Woman under his feet, instead of letting her "rise to her proper sphere, and fulfill her lofty mission," how, in short, all the world was leagued against the seven or eight particular elderly women there congregated, and trying to pulverize them to external smash.

All the unfortunate men who have been captured and converted into husbands by these females are living examples of severe domestic discipline, and of the extent to which women can rule men when they once get the upper hand—and those of the women who are not supplied with a man look vicious and tomahawk to the last degree, and appear to be contemplating a piratical foray into society to seize husbands by force of arms.

After a while Lucy Stone led off in the speech-making. She made an oration about the monster Man, and about his appropriating the property of frail Woman—she wanted the laws altered so that her husband couldn't sell her shoes and stockings, trade her best bonnet off for brandy and water, or let her lace night-caps on poker without giving her a chance in the game—she said that if she ever got the law into her hands, she would, for the sake of the example, pawn all her husband's linen, and leave him without a dollar to go to a shirt-tail or for a new supply. (Here she looked at that unfortunate specimen.)

Then Ernestine Rose specified—Ernestine was belligerent and went in for the fighting privileges of the monster Man; she wanted to vote, and join in when there was a row—she wanted to smoke and drink rum-punches—she wanted to go to Congress and practice the art of war—she knew she could fight her way—she considered the use of pistols, bowie knives and bludgeons elegant accomplishments for a lady—she said she had been perfecting herself in the science of the ring, and was "some" in a rough and tumble fight—she said she could strike from the shoulder and gouge her man, or bite his nose off in a manner worthy of the great masters—she had also invented a peculiar and complicated kick in the stomach, which she thought would be considered a master piece of genius, and an irresistible proof of the greatness of the female mind—she also wanted to learn smoking, tobacco-chewing and swearing, and many other little elegancies now usurped by the monster Man. She hoped soon to see the day when a woman can smoke her cigar in the street without being stared at, and cock her heels up on the mantel piece in the bar room without being made the subject of impertinent remark. The only thing she really deplored of was the beard—she would be willing to trade off half a dozen husbands for a sizable pair of whiskers—she said, she had faithfully tried hair wigwags without number, but she regretted to say, the symptoms were not encouraging—she had made her face a perfect luteal hot bed, and for eight months had perfectly acquired it three times a day with a preparation "warranted to bring out a beard on a pine log in six weeks," but the only result thus far was pimples. \* \*

Nothing was said about rocking the cradle, or otherwise attending to the wants of the rising generation, from which I infer that it is a part of the great Women's rights plan to import from somewhere some new breed of babies, with a ready made appetite for pork and beans, and without any preliminary craving for a milk diet.

I noticed too that the women were willing to assume the responsibilities of men except the work—there were plenty of applicants for the Presidency and for Congress, but there was no applicant for the blacksmith's sledgehammer and forge, no candidate for the carpenter's adze and jack-plane, and not a single voice claimed the farmer's privilege of chopping cord wood or following the breaking up plough. Lucy would like to be President of the United States but she wouldn't dig potatoes; Lucetta would like to be Minister to France, but she wouldn't drive a coal-cart, or get an honest living as a street scavenger; and although Paulina would have no objection to becoming Secretary of State, she is the last one in the world to roll up her sleeves and support herself by laying stone wall, digging cellars, or carrying a mortar load up a forty foot ladder. They all wanted to be fed on the choicest cuts of beef and mutton, but not one was willing to water the oxen, or to feed the pigs.

To end with, they passed the same old set of resolutions, denouncing in the strongest terms the monster Man, and declaring that the race might become extinct for all they would do towards the keeping up of the population.

I thought of the fox and grapes, and questioned if that ancient and respectable fable is not paralleled by the strong-minded Women and their babies, that they haven't got. The fox and the Women are alike disinclined, and the grapes and the babies equally impossible.

I wondered, as I left the Convention, if it wouldn't be a pleasant thing to see the strong minded Women establishing their claim to pantaloons by doing men's work. I really thought the world would be edited by the sight of Paulina in a blue shirt and sheep's gray breeches, breaking paving-stones by the day—or Lucy Stone in carters' frock and stogy boots, leading molar-axe for a nation of loafers and loungers, with

her sleeves rolled up, and a leather apron on, forging wagon-tires, with Ernestine to blow and strike.

## Chinese Potato.

This new tuber has met harsh treatment in many quarters. Among others, the Soil of the South strongly condemned its pretensions, after what Mr. Peabody regarded as a fair experiment. In the December No. in an editorial, the result of an experiment is given, after one season's growth, up to Nov. 1, and the tubers are said to be the size of knitting needles. Subsequently, however, the editor says:

"Since the above was in type, we have dug one of the hills entire, and find that it turns out better than it promised. The little nut that we planted produced two bifurcate tubers, running down two feet below the surface, gradually enlarging, until a good portion of the lower part measured three inches in circumference; the flesh is of a snowy whiteness, and has an agreeable glutinous taste when raw. We cooked one, dropping it into boiling water; it cooked in five minutes by the watch; the skin part freely from it, leaving the flesh as white as snow, and more delicate to the taste than the best Irish potato we ever tasted. If they continue to enlarge year after year, without losing their flavor, they will prove valuable to the South."

OUR PACIFIC COAST.—We have so many inquiries as to how we planted and cultivated the field of corn that took the premium at the Georgia Fair, as the best two acres of up land, yielding in this dry season ninety-five bushels to the acre, that we conclude to give the same statement through our columns that we submitted to the committee.

In February, we plowed and sub-soiled the land deeply; the first of April, we broke it up with a light shovel, run two furrows with a scotch, five feet apart, and in the bottom of this furrow, every three feet, dropped a table spoonful of guano; this we covered some two or three inches with earth, and on it planted the seed; when the corn was six inches high, we plowed it with a light shovel, and thinned it out to one stalk to a hill; this was all the plowing it ever had; all the other culture was given with the horse hoe, together with the hand hoe; as the season turned out, the corn was too thick, as each seed produces tillers; it requires a greater distance than the common corn, unless the land is very strong, or has been liberally manured.

We often hear it sneeringly remarked, that this is a corn that bears just as well on poor land as rich. We have never made any such claims for it. We have yet to learn that any crop can produce as much on poor land as rich, and those who purchase this corn and expect to get a great yield without food and labor for it, will be disappointed. But if a corn will make the yield that this has done for us the past season on comparatively poor land, with but one sack of guano to the acre, and a burning drought throughout all its blooming and fruiting time, is it not worth while to give it better land, more manure, and if possible better culture? Our principles of culture are, deep tillage first, and surface culture to the growing crop. Those who plant this corn will remember, that it is not so suckered, as the suckers or tillers from the root make ears like the main stalk.—*Soil of the South.*

Gems from the Newspaper Mine. Eliza Cook says that a woman's heart is a true place for a man's likeness; daguerotype-like, an instant gives the impression, but an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

Live virtuously, my lord, said Lady Russell, and you cannot die too soon nor live too long.

The greatest misfortune of life is old age without the remembrance of virtue. Beauty devoid of grace is a mere hook without the bait.

There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The moral cement of all society is virtue. It unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys.

The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes, of our youth.

The only way for a man to escape being found out, is to pass for what he is.

We have now a striking illustration of this in our political history. [Freemont.] It is easier to correct our faults than to conceal them.

The only way to maintain a good character, is to preserve it.

God hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.

Where it not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would fill our hearts! Pedants who proscribe pleasantly are like cripples who deary dancing.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—There is quite a difference of opinion among scientific men in reference to the construction of the termination of lightning conductors—one party maintaining that the present pointed terminations are wrong and that balls or knobs should be substituted, and the other that electricity is best discharged by pointed conductors. The first named position is taken by Mr. Heppburn and others, who agree that for the absorption and transmission of an accumulated mass of electricity, an extended surface is required; and, as in the protection of buildings it is necessary to provide for the instantaneous absorption of a concentrated mass of electricity darting through the air in the form of a flash or ball, it is asserted that the conductor ought to terminate in one or more pear-shaped balls, having a surface sufficient to absorb at least as much of the fluid as the descending rod is capable of carrying to the earth.

A NOVEL SPECULATION.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer states that some adventurous individuals have purchased of the proprietor of Mount Vernon all the trees and shrubbery left on the estate, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, and that the same parties have erected a large building near the railroad depot in Washington, at a cost of probably \$10,000 more. This large outlay is to be reimbursed by the manufacture and sale of Washington or Mt. Vernon cakes.

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye has returned it, because it had a "nice drop" in it.

The Jews had no surname, nor had the early Greeks and Romans. Latterly the Romans used three names; the first corresponding to our Christian name, the second the class or rank name, and the third the family name. Modern surnames began to be used about the tenth century, when nobles took the name of their estates; middle class sons of their fathers, as Johnson, Thompson, &c., and others of trades, as Smith, Cooper, Taylor, &c. Fancy names also were given to foundlings, and nicknames became surnames.

An Irish officer, not very conversant with law terms, was lately tried for an alleged assault. As the jury were coming to be sworn, the judge, addressing the major, told him that if there were any among them to whom he had any objection, that was the time to challenge them. "I thank your lordship," said the gallant prisoner, "but with your lordship's permission I'll defer that ceremony till after my trial, and if they don't acquit me, by the piper of Leinster, I'll challenge every mother's son of them, and have 'em out too."

"Forms of Government,"—the treasury benches.

"A Game Couple,"—a brace of partridges. "I see through it now," as the beggar said, when a stone was cast directly through the hat he was holding in his hand for alms.

Peter Cunningham was once telling before Douglas Jerrold of a strange dish he had just dined upon. "Such a dish nobody could guess it." He, of course, provoked the query: "What was it?" "Calves' tails," said Peter. "Extremes meet," exclaimed Jerrold.

"Widow Mournful, what on airth are you thinking about?"

"Nothing else in this world but my departed husband. He was such a devoted man, always bringing home his little kindnesses to me. I couldn't help thinking just now, when I heard Mrs. Brown's snuggles sizzling, what poor Mr. Mournful used to do to me. He knewed I was fond of saggies, and he hardly ever made come home in his life without bringing me a sassage in his pocket. He was fond of eggs himself, and would occasionally fetch a few of them for himself. But he was always sure to lay a sassage on the table. Never laid his eggs there—never thank of 'em; and sometimes I'd ask, 'Simon, where's your eggs?' Just as like as not he'd be in a sittin' on 'em."—*Boston Post.*

Life is the jailer of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death; what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life.

Betting is immoral, but how can the man who bets be worse than he who is no better?

Say what you will, a marriage by adverse timent, after all, (says Punch) must be the union of two "corresponding" minds.

Little Boy.—"When I get bigger, Mr. Brown, you'll let me ride your horse, won't you?"

Mr. Brown.—"Why, Charlie, I haven't any horse; what made you think so?"

Charlie.—"Why, I heard mother say this morning that you'd been riding a high horse lately."

To square a circle—settle up your wife's bill for hoops at the dry good store or milliner's.

A man in the West the other day was suffocated by a piece of beef that he was too greedily swallowing. Like Crammer, he died at the steak.

Devoted wife: "Oh, what a beautiful monument! Wouldn't you like to have such a one as that, dear?"

Critics say that the difference between a successful lover and his rival is, that one kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss.

We heard a good joke perpetrated by a wag. Said he to an acquaintance:

"Things are really coming to a pretty pass in our town, all the ladies stopping at the Girard left the dinner table yesterday."

"Possible," said the person to whom the remark was addressed, greatly surprised.

"What caused them to do so?"

"Why," responded our friend, convincing himself that the coast was clear, "they had finished eating." A pass was made at him, but he dodged it.—*Phila. Paper.*

A GOOD ARBITRATOR.—Two men had a dispute, which should repair a partition fence separating their fields, and through which the cattle found their way. After the usual preliminaries of demands, rofals, threats, and mutual recrimination, they resolved to try the glorious uncertainty of law—they were, however, persuaded by their friends to the more amicable mode of submitting the question to the final determination of a worthy and intelligent neighbor, who was forthwith conducted to the scene of trouble. Here, after hearing the arguments of both parties, he told them that the subject demanded deliberation, and he would take some time to decide, he would just elap a few pieces of boards over the holes, and in ten minutes time, with his own hands, he effectually closed every gap. The parties silently retired, and the umpire has never been called upon to pronounce judgment in the case.

A "MEAN" EDITOR.—The editor of a western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it, the man said: "You can easily get it fixed."

"Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar!"

"Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor. Here's the quarter; but I'll thank you to stop my paper at once."

The child of a woman's rights' advocate heard the Lord's prayer, "Ma," said she upon coming home—"I don't want to say 'amen' at the end, as the other girls do. Why can't I say a woman?"

Whiston, while dining with Lady Key, was asked why women were made out of a rib. "Indeed, my good lady," replied he, "I don't know, except it was because the rib is the crookedest part of the body."

How much easier it is to preach than to practice. The day after Mr. Gloss discharged his clerk for stealing, he sold a half-head of cold alcohol for French B. andy. Mr. Gloss is down on all immorality.

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be."

"No, she left that off and turned expensive!"

Why are book keepers like chickens? Because they have to scratch for a living.

THE NEW SUGAR CANE.—The Chicago Free Press has an article which exhibits very encouraging results from experiments with the new Chinese sugar cane in Wabash county, Ill., last season. The following statement of the writer is remarkable: "I am well convinced that in 1860 the Southern planter will have no sale for his sugar in the State of Illinois. From present indications there will be one hundred acres of Chinese sugar cane raised in Wabash county next year, which will save the county \$10,000."

THE AURORA BOREALIS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—The effect of the aurora on the electric telegraph is generally to increase or diminish the electric current used in working the wires. Sometimes it entirely neutralizes them, so that, in effect, no fluid is discoverable in them. The aurora borealis seems to be composed of a vast mass of electric matter, resembling in every respect that generated by the electro-galvanic battery. The currents from it change coming on the wires, and then disappear as the mass of the aurora rolls from the horizon to the zenith.

TO MAKE FINE PANCAKES, WITHOUT BUTTER OR LARD.—Take a pint of cream and six new laid eggs; beat them well together, put in a quarter pound of sugar and one nutmeg or a little beaten mace—which you please, and so much flour as will thicken almost as much as ordinary pancake flour batter; your pan must be heated reasonably hot, and wiped with a clean cloth; this done, spread your batter thin over it, and fry.

TO KEEP WORMS FROM DRIED FRUIT.—Place your fruit in a steamer, over a pot of boiling water covered tightly. When thoroughly heated, tie them up immediately in a clean cotton or linen bag and hang them up. This method is preferable to heating in an oven, as that is apt to render them hard, even if you are so fortunate as not to burn them.

A minister approached a mischievous urchin about 12 years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you. I believe he has too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

"From our private correspondence," as the father said when he received a letter from a son who had enlisted as a common soldier.

There is a young lady in Boston so fastidious that she won't admit the bare news paper into her bed room in the morning; it must have a "wrapper" on.

UNHEALTHY.—To fall in love with another man's wife. In Arkansas this kind of thing usually "terminates in death" the first year.

AYER'S PILLS  
Are curing the Sick to an extent never before known of any Medicine.

INVALIDS, READ AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

JULIA HAZEL, Esq., the well known publisher of "The Standard," Philadelphia, whose choice products are found in almost every household, writes:

"I am happy to say of your CATARRHIC PILLS, that I find them a better family medicine, for common use, than any I have ever known. Many of my friends have realized marked benefits from them, and coincide with me in believing that they possess extraordinary virtue for driving out disease and curing the sick. They are equally effective, both safe and pleasant to be taken—qualities which must make them valued by the public, when they are known."

The venerable Chancellor WARDLAW writes from Baltimore, 15th April, 1854:

"Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—I have taken your Pills with great benefit, for the last several months of Ague, and Bilious headache, which has of late years overthrown me in the spring. A few doses of your Pills cured me. I have used your medicine more than once, and find it equally effective for coughs and colds with untiring success. You make medicines which cure, and I feel it a pleasure to commend you for the good you have done and are doing."

JOHN F. BEATTY, Esq., Sec. of the Penn. Railroad Co., writes:

"I have used your CATARRHIC PILLS in my practice, I testify from experience that they are an invaluable purgative, for the treatment of all cases of Ague, bilious headache, indigestion, constipation, and the great variety of diseases that follow; they are a sure remedy than any other, and in all cases where a purgative is required, I confidently recommend these Pills to the public, as making them an invaluable article for public use. I have for many weeks past, and will continue to do so, commended the use of these Pills, and these Pills are in no way inferior to any other medicine for the treatment of disease."

"Never until now have I been free from this loathsome disease in some shape or other. I have tried every medicine, and made no slight blind, besides the untimely pain, at which I have been the victim of my disease. I have tried every medicine, and made no slight blind, besides the untimely pain, at which I have been the victim of my disease. I have tried every medicine, and made no slight blind, besides the untimely pain, at which I have been the victim of my disease."

"I have known the above named Maria Ricker from her childhood, and her statement is strictly true. Oversee of the Portsmouth Manufacturing Co., Boston, 20th April, 1854.

"Your Pills have cured me from a bilious attack which arose from indigestion, and which has since been very serious. I had failed of any relief by any Physician, and I have been completely cured by your Pills. I have given them to my children for worms, with the best effect. They were perfectly cured. The first dose removed the worms, and the second cured the inflammation. I feel in better health now than I have for many years before, which I attribute entirely to the effect of your CATARRHIC PILLS. Yours with great respect, L. B. METCAL."

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## Carter's Spanish Mixture.

THE GREAT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD.

The Best Alternative Known!

NOT A PARTIALLY OF MERCURY IN IT! An infallible remedy for Scrofula, King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pusules on the Face, Itch, Boils, Ague and Fever, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm, or Tetter, Scald-head, Enlargement and pain of the Bones and Joints, Salt Rheum, Scabs, Syphilis, &c.

It cures Disorders, and all diseases arising from an impure blood, such as Mercury, Impurity of Life, or Impurity of Blood.

This great alternative Medicine and Purifier of the Blood is now used by thousands of grateful patients from all parts of the United States, who testify daily to the remarkable cures performed by the greatest of all medicines, "CARTER'S SPANISH MIXTURE." Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Eruptions on the Skin, Liver Disease, Fevers, Ulcers, Old Sores, Affection of the Kidneys, Diseases of the Throat, Female Complaints, Pains and Aching of the Bones and Joints, are speedily put to flight by using this inestimable remedy.

For all diseases of the Blood, nothing has yet been found to compare with it. It cleanses the system of all impurities, acts gently and efficiently on the Liver and Kidneys, strengthens the Digestion, gives tone to the stomach, makes the Skin clear and healthy, and restores the Constitution, enfeebled by disease or broken down by the excesses of youth, to its pristine vigor and strength.

For the treatment of scrofula, it is peculiarly applicable, and wherever it has been known, it is regularly prescribed with the happiest effects. It invigorates the weak and debilitated, and imparts vigor to the worn out frame, clears the skin, and leaves the patient fresh and healthy; a single bottle of this inestimable remedy is worth all the so-called Sarsaparilla in existence.

The large number of certificates which we have received from persons from all parts of the United States is the best evidence that there is no humbug about it. The Press, hotel, mercantile, physicians, and public men, well known to the community, all add their testimony to the wonderful effects of this GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. Call on the agent, or get an Almanac, and read the details of astonishing cures performed by CARTER'S SPANISH MIXTURE, (IN MOST CASES WHERE EVERYTHING ELSE HAD SIGNALLY FAILED). The limits of an advertisement will not admit of their full insertion.

W. M. S. BEERS & CO., Proprietors, No. 304, Broadway, New York.

To whom all orders must be addressed. For sale by Druggists and Country Merchants in all parts of the United States and the Canada and by FISHER & HEINTSH, Sparta, N. J. JOHN L. YOUNG, Unionville, May 8 11

## STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

SPARTANBURG DISTRICT.

IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY.

James McLaugh, App't. vs. Charles McLaugh et al., defendants.

Summons in partition.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that Charles McLaugh, Thomas McLaugh, Wilson McLaugh, Alexander McLaugh, and Rebecca his wife, Stephen McLaugh, and Susan his wife, and John S. Brown, heirs and distributees at law of the Estate of Sarah McLaugh, dec'd., reside from and without the limits of this State; It is therefore ordered, that they and each of them be and appear at the Court of Ordinary for said District, to be held at Spartanburg, on the 24th day of January next, to answer to the bill of partition, and to show cause, if any exist, why they should not be bound by the said bill of partition, and to show cause, if any exist, why they should not be bound by the said bill of partition, and to show cause, if any exist, why they should not be bound by the said bill of partition.

Sarah McLaugh, dec'd., consisting of one hundred and twenty acres of Land, more or less, lying on the waters of South River, in said District, Court House, on the 24th day of January next, to answer to the bill of partition, and to show cause, if any exist, why they should not be bound by the said bill of partition, and to show cause, if any exist, why they should not be bound by the said bill of partition, and to show cause, if any exist, why they should not be bound by the said bill of partition.

Given under my hand and seal of office, 31st November, 1855. R. BOWDEN, c. s. d.

Oct 6 11

## STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

SPARTANBURG DISTRICT.

IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY.

William Baise, Adm'r. App't. vs. James Baise et al., defendants.

Rule to appear, in and out of Court, show cause, &c.

WHEREAS Wm. Baise, the Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth Baise, dec'd., has duly accounted before this Court upon a final settlement of the Estate of the said Elizabeth, and obtained a decree in favor of the presumptive heirs at law of the said dec'd.; and the said heirs at law have failed to appear at the Court of Ordinary, to answer to the said account, and to show cause, if any exist, why they should not be bound by the said account, and to show cause, if any exist, why they should not be bound by the said account, and to show cause, if any exist, why they should not be bound by the said account.

It is therefore ordered, that they and each of them be and appear at the Court of Ordinary for said District, to be held at Spartanburg, on the 24th day of January next, to answer to the bill of partition, and to show cause, if